

HOLD-UP MEN KILL CAFE DANTE OWNER, CASHIER WOUNDED

James Varello and Jack Pizzo
Shot Down by Intruders on
"Pinochle Game."

TWO ARRESTS ARE MADE.

Alleged Gangsters Invade Re-
sort Where Cain, Captor of
Caruso, Is Manager.

An attempt to hold up players of
pinochle or something else on the third
floor of the Cafe Dante, No. 103 West
Thirty-fourth street, early this morning
ended in the killing of James Varello,
thirty-two, the proprietor, the wounding
of Jack Piza, thirty-three, the cashier,
and the arrest, charged with homicide,
of Albert Contino, twenty, of No. 210
West Tenth street, and William Lorenzo,
known as "Willy the Wop," thirty, of
No. 56 West Twenty-seventh street.

The Cafe Dante has a reputation of
its own, that it started to get even be-
fore Detective James Cain, the man
who arrested Caruso in the monkey
house in Central Park, was attached to
it in various capacities, including that
of look-out after 1 A. M. It opened
Oct. 3, 1911, with its liquor license in the
name of George W. Garrison, but the
real owner said to be ex-State Senator
Frank J. Gardner, now in the Raymond
Street Jail awaiting trial on a charge
of forgery in connection with the will
of old Samuel W. Haslett, a reclus.

Gardner sold out to Varello, who had
been a feather importer, and Varello
put Cain in charge as manager. The
Tenderloin still remembers the opening
last May under the new regime, when
everybody "who was anybody" in the
Red Light district was there, along
with policemen in uniform, when the
drinks flowed freely, and all the girls
took away souvenirs in the shape of
willow plumes that cost not a penny
less than \$5 wholesale.

Various activities go on at the Cafe
Dante, including the third floor game
that is euphemistically referred to as
pinochle.

FOUR MEN IN THE PLAN FOR
HOLD UP.

Well after hours this morning Varello
was sitting in and so was Piza. Cain
was downstairs in his usual early hour
capacity, since his intimate acquaint-
ance with the denizens of the district
told him unerringly who was "right"
and who wasn't. Thomas Casey, the
"Professor," known also as "Dope"
Casey, was dreaming over the wires
in the drinking room on the second
floor, and everywhere was the swish
of skirts, the tinkle of glasses, and from
upstairs an occasional clicking sound as
of ivory counters.

Four men who had been drinking on
the second floor went upstairs softly
and concealed themselves. Piza de-
clares they waited there to hold up the
pinochle players as they departed. At
any rate, there was a sudden rattle of
gun-play.

Varello went down with two bullets
in his heart. Piza fell with a bullet in
his right ankle and another in his knee.
The women and men yelled and ran, up-
setting Cain as they tore into the street.
Down the steps came the young men
and up from nearby corners came Po-
licemen Chevre and Policeman Mc-
Cormick.

Chevre arrested Contino at Thirty-
fourth street and Seventh avenue as
the prisoner, Chevre said, weak with
the loss of blood, was showing an
emptied revolver under a newstand.

Chevre then raced back to the cafe,
and with McCormick held the crowd
at bay until they had rounded up seven
witnesses, including Piza. In the mean-
time Detective Trojan captured Lor-
enzo, running away. Piza positively
identified Lorenzo, the police say, as
one of the assailants.

Contino was found to have a bul-

let in his right thigh. He and Piza
were removed to Bellevue, where both
are prisoners. Lorenzo and Contino
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There were a dozen or more on a
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When the police came one man, who
said he was William Jenks of No. 307
West Thirtieth street, lay on the side-
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"But you are going to die," he was
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"That's what you always say. I don't
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Before the police captain and the de-
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"I'm very sick and want to be cared
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He gave his name as James Redmond
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was Edward Ahern of No. 261 West
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A doctor examined Redmond and
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Just before leaving on the trip to Eu-
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Putrelle visited his mother home. When
the news of the wreck came Mrs. Fu-
trella bore up bravely until her son's
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MRS. FUTRELLE DEAD.

ADRIAN, Ga., July 30.—Her physicians
agree with her friends to-day that Mrs.
Lannie Futrelle's death was caused by
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Jacques Futrelle, who went down with
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Harlem Furniture Co.

147-149 W. 125th St.

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